





A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
IRISH MELODIES,

UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC
ENGLISH POETRY
WITH
SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR THE
PIANO-FORTE, VIOLIN, AND VIOLONCELLO;

by
Beethoven.

THIS WORKS COLLECTION WAS PUBLISHED BY

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Edinburgh:

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A SELECT COLLECTION OF SCOTISH MELODIES, in Four Volumes,
and of WELSH MELODIES, in Two Volumes, printed in interesting Songs, including all those of BURNS, above One Hundred in number, and enriched with Symphonies and Accompaniments, &c. &c. by

Haydn.

To Mr Mather from the Editor

Select Collection of
ORIGINAL IRISH AIRS

For the Voice

UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC ENGLISH POETRY

Written for this Work

with

SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO.

Composed by

BEETHOVEN.

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P R E F A C E.

MANY years have elapsed since the Editor began to collect Irish Melodies, about twenty of which, the most familiar to the lovers of music in Scotland, are interspersed in his Collection of Scottish Airs. He had no thoughts of forming an extended Collection of Irish Melodies, till the great Scottish Bard, in the course of their correspondence, suggested the idea, and offered to write Songs for them.* Encouraged by such an offer from Burns, he proceeded with alacrity to collect the Melodies; and by the kindness of his musical friends, more particularly through the obliging exertions of his friend Dr J. Latham of Cork, he acquired a great variety of the finest old Melodies existing in Ireland, both in print and in manuscript; and year after year he has been adding to the number by every means in his power. These would long ere now have been given to the Public, had not unforeseen circumstances occurred to retard their appearance. They were sent to HAYDN to be harmonized, along with the Scottish and Welsh Airs: but after that celebrated Composer had finished the greater part of those two works, his declining health only enabled him to harmonize a few of the Irish Melodies; and upon his death, it became necessary to find another Composer, to whom the task of harmonizing them should be committed.

Of all the Composers that are now living, it is acknowledged by every intelligent and unprejudiced Musician, that the only one who occupies the same distinguished rank with the late Haydn, is BEETHOVEN. Possessing the most original genius and inventive fancy, united to profound science, refined taste, and an enthusiastic love of his art,—his compositions, like those of his illustrious predecessor, will bear endless repetition, and afford ever new delight. To this Composer, therefore, the Editor eagerly applied for Symphonies and Accompaniments to the Irish Melodies; and to his inexpressible satisfaction, Beethoven undertook the composition. After years of anxious suspense and teasing disappointment, by the miscarriage of letters and of manuscripts, owing to the unprecedented difficulty of communication between England and Vienna, the long-expected Symphonies and Accompaniments at last reached the Editor, three other copies having previously been lost on the road.

These SYMPHONIES of Beethoven will be found most appropriate and singularly beautiful Introductions and Conclusions to each Melody, full of matter perfectly original, and diversified in the most fanciful and striking manner, according to the plaintive, spirited, or playful character of the Melodies for which they were composed.

HIS ACCOMPANIMENTS are equally appropriate and valuable. In Chamber singing, the Piano-forte alone will be found a most satisfactory Accompaniment; and when the additional Accompaniments for the Violin and Violoncello, (not given in any other Irish Collection,) are joined with it, the effect will be felt in the highest degree excellent: for the parts united, exhibit combinations of harmony so rich, in a style so varied, so delicate, and so impressive, as to impart a new and powerful interest to the Melodies, which will secure to them lasting admiration, and a place among the most classical compositions.

A Second-voice part, too, has been composed by Beethoven, to a number of the Airs, which may thus be sung as Duets; but as those Airs still retain their precise original form, they can, of course, be sung perfectly well by a single voice.

The Editor is aware that there are many persons, who, not having cultivated music, are scarcely sensible of the value of Accompaniments, and prefer a simple Air to the finest music in parts. It is not to be denied, that there is a great charm in a fine voice singly, and that we sometimes bear a singer who can delight us by a song, without any Accompaniment. But such a singer is a *rara avis*: Nature seems niggardly in the much-valued gift of a rich fine toned voice; and there are few singers who feel themselves at ease, or can give much pleasure to their hearers, without the support and guidance of an Accompaniment: for it is well known that voices, in general, have a tendency to fall from the pitch in which they have set out, and thus the harmony of the instrument is necessary to keep the voice in a just intonation, or to recal it when it begins to wander.

It is probable, also, that amidst the powerful attraction of new and excellent Compositions, and the fluctuation and refinement of taste, national Melodies would be much neglected, were it not for their union with masterly and beautiful Accompaniments.

A distinguished Writer considers *Melody* in music, to be analogous to *Design* in painting; and *Accompaniments* he compares to *Colouring*. * If Carolan, the Irish Bard, could raise his head, and hear his own Melodies sung with Beethoven's Accompaniments, he would idolize the Artist, that, from his designs, could produce such exquisitely coloured and highly finished pictures. † Let any of the Irish Melodies be sung alone, and then with the Accompaniments of Beethoven, and it will immediately be perceived by every person of the least taste, how much the one is enriched by the other. The more critically the Music of this Collection is examined, the more clearly will it be seen what extraordinary pains and attention have been bestowed upon the Symphonies and Accompaniments of every one of the Melodies; for there is nothing of common place, no marks of negligence or carelessness throughout the Work: the whole has been composed *con amore*, as if the author were to rest his fame upon it; and accordingly he has announced to the Editor his intention of publishing it on the Continent, with the verses translated. This is equally flattering to the Melodies of Ireland, and satisfactory to the Editor; it is a decisive proof that Beethoven feels conscious that he has rendered them worthy of the attention of an enlightened Public.

Of the PoETRY, the Editor may warrantably hope that its reception will not be less favourable than that of the Music, because its authors are celebrated for their genius, and exhibit in their songs the finest flow of fancy, feeling, and humour; which they have adapted in the happiest manner to the varied character of the Melodies. The Editor feels himself under the deepest obligations to them; for without their kind assistance, after the lamented death of BURNS, he could not have completed the Work, with satisfaction either to himself or the Public.

It was the intention of the Editor to offer a few thoughts concerning the antiquity of the Irish Melodies, &c., as he has done with respect to the Scottish and Welsh Melodies, in his Collections of those Songs. But after perusing Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, Bunting's Critical Dissertation prefixed to his first volume of Irish Music, and Moore's Prefatory Letter to his third book of Songs, he finds that he could throw no new light on the subject. He believes, with Mr Moore, that the generality of the fine Airs are more modern than the antiquaries would have us consider them. Yet

from what Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, has said of the superior skill of the Irish in the performance of instrumental or harp music, at that early period,—joined to Powell's account of the Welsh prince Gruffyd ap Conan having, in the eleventh century, "brought over with him from Ireland divers cunning musicians into Wales, who devised, in a manner, all the instrumental music that is now used there," and the notices of other ancient writers, it cannot be doubted that Ireland must be considered a parent country of music, to which Wales, and, perhaps, Scotland too, were originally indebted.

This Work, (which will probably be comprised in two volumes,) with the former publications of the Editor, puts the Public in possession of all that appeared to him most valuable and worthy of preservation in the native MELODIES OF SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and WALES, united to the most interesting SONGS, SYMPHONIES, and ACCOMPANIMENTS that could be procured from original and distinguished Geniuses: and as he has spared neither pains, nor time, nor expence, in rendering every part of the three Works as perfect as possible, he trusts that they will do lasting honour to the musical and poetical character of the three countries. He looks back with great satisfaction upon his humble exertions, because he has had the happiness of eliciting from Poets and Musical Composers, who adorned the age in which they lived, what otherwise would never have been given to the world.

From the delay in publishing this work, others have got the start of it: And though the Editor is not insensible of the merit of those works, yet, his plan having been formed, and a great part of his materials collected, long before those works were heard of, he felt no inclination to withhold what he had with so much trouble acquired, more especially when he knows how truly the present work will be found to possess the charm of novelty; for, except in the Melodies, (which must be nearly alike in most collections,) it differs essentially from any of the works that have preceded it.

The Editor owes his most respectful acknowledgments to SIR WATKYN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart. for obligingly permitting his exquisite picture of *St Cecilia*, by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, to be copied and engraved for the frontispiece that graces this work.

Edinburgh, March 1814.

* ROUSSEAU, *Dictionnaire de Musique*, Article AIR; in which article this eloquent writer has treated of the power of Music over the memory and fancy, with singular felicity, and with the warmest glow of enthusiastic feelings.

† No. 1. of this Collection, for example.

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The Return to Ulster.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WALTER SCOTT, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 1).—YOUNG TERENCE MACDONOUGH,—*By Carleton.*

ONCE again, but how chang'd, since my wand'rings began—
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrasil resound to the roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tuillamore.
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:
To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the hall;
And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.*
It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?
They were days of delusion, and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the maid who stood by,
And list'd my lay, while she turn'd from mine eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispers'd in the sun-beam, or melted to dew?
Oh! would it had been so,—O would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
And her voice, that was moulded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr that sigh'd and was still.

Oh! would it had been so,—not then this poor heart
Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To hear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
"Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
"And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again."

* In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet loosely rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

THE RETURN TO ULSTER.

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*Andantino
con molta
espressione*

Once it

media voce

Debt & Taxes

gain but how chang'd since my wandering's be- gan I have heard the deed

• **vertical plane**

voice of the La-gan and Bann And the pines of Clan-brassail re-

sound to the roar That wearies the echoes of fair lul-la-more

— Has my poor bosom and why shouldst thou burn, With the scenes of my

setting plan

youth can its rap-tures re- turn Can I live the dear life of de-

cres.

- lu - sion a - gain, That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain

p *sempre piano* *pp*

Violino

Basso

sempre piano *cres.* *p*

sempre piano *cres.* *p*

sempre piano *cres.* *p*

SWEET POWER OF SONG.

4

1. 2.

DUETTO.

*Allegretto
grazioso.*

Violino
Basso

Pizz. molto

Sweet Power of Song that canst im - part, to
Sweet Power of Song that canst im - part, to

low - land Swain or Moun - tain - eer, a glad - ness thrill - ling
low - land Swain or Moun - tain - eer, a glad - ness thrill - ling

through the heart, a joy so ten - der and so dear Sweet
through the heart, a joy so ten - der and so dear Sweet

Power that on a fo - reign strand canst the rough sol - dier's bo - som.

Power that on a fo - reign strand canst the rough sol - dier's bo - som

p *cres* *f* *sf* *p* *pp* *dim* *pedal*

move, with feel - ings of his na - tive land as gen - tle

move, with feel - ings of his na - tive land as gen - tle

** cres* *p* *f* *sf* *p* *pp* *dolce*

as an in - fant's love

as an in - fant's love

Violino *pizz*

Basso *pizz*

pedal ** off* *cres* *p*

arco *Sweet*

arco *pedal*

Sweet Power of Song.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AIR, (No. 1).—THE SUMMER IS COMING.

SWEET Power of Song! that canst impart,
To lowland swain or mountaineer,
A gladness thrilling through the heart,
A joy so tender and so dear :

Sweet Power! that on a foreign strand
Canst the rough soldier's bosom move,
With feelings of his native land,
As gentle as an infant's love.

Sweet Power! that makest youthful heads
With thistle, leek, or shamrock crown'd,
Nod proudly as the carol sheds
Its spirit through the social round.

Sweet Power! that cheer'st the daily toil
Of cottage maid, or beldame poor,
The ploughman on the furrow'd soil,
Or herd-boy on the lonely moor :

Or he, by bards the shepherd hight,
Who mourns his maiden's broken eye,
'Till the sweet plaint, in woe's despite,
Hath made a bliss of agony.

Sweet Power of Song! thanks flow to thee
From every kind and gentle breast!
Let ERIN'S, CAMBRIA'S, minstrels be
With BURNS'S tuneful spirit blest!

Once more I hail Thee.

WRITTEN, AND AFTERWARDS RETOUCHEE FOR THIS AIR,

By BURNS.

AIR, (No. 3.)—Communicated without a name by a Friend.

ONCE more I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Thy visage so dark, and thy hurricane's roar;
Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,—
My parting with Nancy, ah! ne'er to meet more!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Until the last leaf of the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since hope is departed and comfort is gone.

Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
When hope mildly beams on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever*,
Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
My anguish awakes at thy visage so hoar;
Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,
My parting with Nancy, ah! ne'er to meet more!

ONCE MORE I HAIL THEE.

1.3.
Violino
Violone
Andante
con molta
espressione

pla arco

Once more I hail thee thou gloomy De.cember, Thy vi.sage so 'dark, and thy tempest's dread roar

temuto

piu cresc p

Sad was the parting thou mak'st me re.member, My parting with Nancy Ah! ne'er to meet more.

temuto

arco cresc p

cresc p

THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY FACE.

Violino
1.^o 4.
Allegretto
grazioso.

p The morning air plays
 on my face And through the grey mist peer - - ing The soft'nd silv'ry sun I trace Wood
 wild and mountain cheer - - ing Larks a - - loft are sing - - ing Here's from co - - vert
 spring - - ing And o'er the fen the wild duck brood Their cur - - ly way are wing - - ing.

Violino
f *p* *f* *p*
pp *cres*

The musical score is written for Violino and Piano. It begins with a tempo and mood marking of 'Allegretto grazioso' and a first ending bracket. The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The vocal line (Violino) and piano accompaniment are written on staves. The piano part features a prominent, rhythmic accompaniment in the right hand and a more active line in the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *pp* (pianissimo), as well as crescendo (*cres*) and decrescendo (*decres*) markings. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The score is divided into several systems, with the first system including a first ending bracket. The final system ends with a double bar line.

The Morning Air plays on my face.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AIR (No. 4).—Communicated without a name by a Friend.

THE morning air plays on my face,
And, through the grey mist peering,
The soften'd silv'ry sun I trace,
Wood, wild, and mountain cheering.
Larks aloft are singing,
Hares from covert springing,
And o'er the fen the wild duck's brood
Their early way are winging.

Bright ev'ry dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet ev'ry herb is growing
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is going.
Fancy shews to me, now,
What will shortly be, now,
I'm patting at her door poor Tray,
Who fawns and welcomes me now.

How slowly moves the rising latch!
How quick my heart is beating!
That wordly dame is on the watch
To frown upon our meeting.
Fy! why should I mind her,
See, who stands behind her,
Whose eye doth on her trav'ler look
The sweeter and the kinder.

Oh! ev'ry bounding step I take,
Each hour the clock is telling,
Bears me o'er mountain, bourn, and brake,
Still nearer to her dwelling.
Day is shining brighter,
Limbs are moving lighter,
While ev'ry thought to Nora's love
But binds my faith the tighter.

On the Massacre of Glencoe.—O tell me, Harper.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WALTER SCOTT, Esq.*

This dir., (No. 3.) which was communicated, without a name, by a Friend in Ireland, is so remarkable for its simple and pathetic character, that it might pass for a Highland LAMENT. No music could be better suited to the following sorrowful tale of truth which the Poet has indited for it.

O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dam deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy.

No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

Their flag was fur'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest suad the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flang aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,
Meed for his hospitality.

The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand
That bad destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazoury.

Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery.
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than southron clemency.

Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone

Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
'Till starved Scotland loud should ring,
"Revenge for blood and treachery."

O TELL ME HARPER WHEREFORE FLOW,

Violino
pia

*Andante
 lamenta-
 bile*

Oh! tell me Har-per wherefore flow thy way-ward notes of

... wall and woe Far down the de-sert of Glen-coe, where

none may list their me-lo-dy Say harp'st thou to the

mists that fly, Or to the dun deer glan - cing by; Or,

to the ea - - gle that from high screams cho - - rus to thy

min - stel - - sy

Violino

plz

cres

pp No

cres

pp

11
WHAT SHALL I DO TO SHEW HOW MUCH I LOVE HER.

1. 16.
DUETTO.

Violino
Violoncello

Affr.
tuoso.

What shall I do to shew how much I love her Thought's that oppress me O

What shall I do to shew how much I love her Thought's that oppress me O

how can I tell Will my soft pas-sion be a-b-le to move her

how can I tell Will my soft pas-sion be a-b-le to move her

Language is wanting when lov-ing so well Can sighs and tears in their

Language is wanting when lov-ing so well Can sighs and tears in their

si - lence be - to - ken half the distress this fond bo - som must know

si - lence be - to - ken half the distress this fond bo - som must know

cres? *f* *p*

Or will she melt when a true heart is broken, Weep - ing too late o'er her

Or will she melt when a true heart is broken; Weep - ing too late o'er her

fp

lost lover's woe. *Harmon.*

lost lover's woe.

cres? *f* *dim?*

pp

What shall I do to shew how much I love her?

ANONYMOUS.

AIR (No. 6.)—TELL ME, DEAR EVELEEN.

Though this Air very much resembles the preceding one, yet the style of the Accompaniments is so ingeniously and charmingly varied, as to give each Air a distinct character; and both Airs are so delightful, and so touching, that the Editor could not allow himself to suppress either. The second voice part, added by Beethoven, to No. 6. is a curiosity, equally simple and beautiful.

WHAT shall I do to shew how much I love her?
Thoughts that oppress me, O how can I tell?
Will my soft passion be able to move her?
Language is wanting, when loving so well.
Can sighs and tears, in their silence, betoken
Half the distress this fond bosom must know?
Or will she melt when a true heart is broken,
Weeping, too late, o'er her lost lover's woe.

Is there a grace comes oot playful before her?
Is there a virtue, and not in her train?
Is there a swain but delights to adore her?
Pains she a heart but it boasts of her chain?
Could I believe she'd prevent my undoing,
Life's gayest fancies the hope should renew;
Or could I think she'd be pless'd with my ruin,
Death should persuade her my sorrows are true!

His Boat comes on the sunny Tide.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AIR (No. 7).—THE LITTLE HARVEST ROSE.

His boat comes on the sunny tide,
And brightly gleams the flashing oar ;
The boatmen carol by his side,
And blithely near the welcome shore.
How softly Shannon's currents flow !
His shadow in the stream I see :
The very waters seem to know
Dear is the freight they bear to me.

His eager bound, his hasty tread,
His well-known voice I'll shortly hear ;
And O those arms so kindly spread !
That greeting smile ! that manly tear !
In other lands, when far away,
My love with hope did never twain ;
It saw him thus, both night and day,
To Shannon's banks return'd again.

HIS BOAT COMES ON THE SUNNY TIDE

1. 7.

Andant.

Grazioso.

Basso Violino

p

His boat comes on the sun-ny tide, And brightly gleams the

flash-ing oar, The boat-men ca-rol by his side, And blythe-ly near the

wel-come shore How soft-ly Shan-non's currents flow! His sha-dow in the

stream I see: The wa-ry wa-ters seem to know. Dear is the freight they

bear to me.

His

dim. *pp*

The musical score is written for three parts: Basso, Violino, and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andant.' and the character is 'Grazioso.' The score begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the piano part. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'dim.' and 'pp'.

COME DRAW WE ROUND A CHEERFUL RING

No. 8.
Allegro
con brio

Violino

sp

Come draw we round a cheerful ring, And brooch the foaming ale, And

let the merry maiden sing, The beldame tell her tale And let the sightless harper sit the

blazing faggot by And let the jester vent his wit, His tricks the wretch try

Violino

sp *pp*

The musical score is written for Violino and Piano. It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Allegro con brio'. The score is divided into five systems. The first system shows the Violino part with a melodic line and the Piano part with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system introduces the vocal line with the lyrics 'Come draw we round a cheerful ring, And brooch the foaming ale, And'. The third system continues the vocal line with 'let the merry maiden sing, The beldame tell her tale And let the sightless harper sit the'. The fourth system continues the vocal line with 'blazing faggot by And let the jester vent his wit, His tricks the wretch try'. The fifth system shows the final measures of the piece, with the Violino part ending on a high note and the Piano part with a final chord. Dynamics include 'sp' (sforzando) and 'pp' (pianissimo).

Come draw we round a cheerful King.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

AIR, (No. 2).—Communicated without a name by a Friend.

Come, draw we round a cheerful ring,
 And broach the foaming ale,
 And let the merry maiden sing,
 The beldame tell her tale :
 And let the sightless harper sit
 The blazing faggot by ;
 And let the jester vent his wit,
 His tricks the urchin try,

Who shakes the door with angry din,
 And would admitted be ?
 No, Gossip Winter, snug within,
 We have no room for thee.
 Go, scud it o'er Killarney's lake,
 And shake the willows bare ;
 The water-elf his sport doth take,
 Thou'lt find a comrade there.

Will o' the Wisp skips in the dell,
 The owl hoots on the tree,
 They hold their nightly vigil well,
 And so the while will we.
 Then strike we up the rousing glee,
 And pass the beaker round,
 While ev'ry head right merrily
 Is moving to the sound.

VOL. I. C

Our Bugles sang Truce ; or, The Soldier's Dream.

WRITTEN

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

AND PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

AIR, (No. 9.)—KITTY TYRREL.

Ours bugles sang truce,—for the night-cloud had low'r'd,
 And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring figgot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
 'Twas autumn, and sun-shine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
 Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay :—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

OUR BUGLES SANG TRUCE

1.^o 9.

Violino
Andante
lamentabile

Our

bu. gles sang truce for the night cloud had low'r'd And the cen - ti - nel

stars set their watch in the sky And thousands had sunk on the

ground o - ver - pow'r'd, The we - ry to sleep and the wound - ed to

die. When re - posing that night on my pal - let of straw, By the

wolf scar-ing fag-got that guard-ed the slain At the dead of the night a sweet

vi-sion I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it a - - gain.

Violino

Basso

THE DESERTER.

24

No. 10.

VIOLINO

VIOLONC.

*Andante
con moto
ed
agitato*

If sadly think - ing and spirits sink - ing could more than drinking my cures com -

pose; A cure for sor - row from sighs I'd bor - row And hope to - mor - row might end my

delicatamente

woes But since in walling thereinoughts a walling And Fats on a fall - ing must strike the

cres

blow Then for that reason and for a season, We will be merry be - fore we go

CHORUS

Then for that reason and for a season we will be merry before we go.

Then for that reason and for a season we will be merry before we go.

If sadly thinking.

THE DESERTER,

THE EVENING PREVIOUS TO HIS EXECUTION.

WRITTEN

By the Right Hon. J. P. CURRAN,

AND PERFORMED BY HIS PUPIL.

AIR (No. 10.)—THE DESERTER.

If sadly thinking,
And spirits sinking,
Could, more than drinking,
My cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow
Might end my woes.
But since in wailing
There's nought availing,
And Fate unfailing
Must strike the blow,
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
We will be merry before we go.

A way-worn ranger,
To joy a stranger,
Through every danger
My course I've run;
Now hope all ending,
And death befriending,
His last aid sending,
My cares are done.
No more a rover,
Or hapless lover,
My griefs are over,
And my glass runs low.
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
We will be merry before we go.

Thou Emblem of Faith,

WHITTEN, OR RETURNING A RING,

By the Right Hon. J. P. CURRAN,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PREWISORS.

AIR, (No. 11.)—I WOULD RATHER THAN IRELAND ONCE MORE I WERE FREE.

Thou emblem of faith, thou sweet pledge of a passion
 That heav'n has ordain'd for an happier than me,
 On the hand of the fair, go, resume thy lov'd station,
 And bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee.
 And when some past scene thy rememb'rance recalling,
 Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
 With the transport of love may no anguish combine,
 But the bliss be all her's, and the suff'ring all mine.

But ah! had the ringlet thou lov'st to surround,
 Had it e'er kiss'd the rose on the cheek of my dear,
 What ransom to buy thee could ever be found?
 Or what force from my heart thy possession could tear?
 A mourner, a suff'rer, a wand'rer, a stranger,
 In sickness, in sadness, in pain, or in danger,
 Next that heart would I wear thee till its last pang was o'er,
 Then together we'd sink, and I'd part thee no more.

Andante
affettuoso.

Violino

Thou

emblem of faith thou sweet pledge of a passion, That heav'n has or-

dain'd for an happier than me; On the hand of the fair go re-

sume thy lov'd station, And bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee.

Violino

Cra *for* *fia*

pp

OCH! HAVE YOU NOT HEARD PAT.

Violino

*Allegretto
piu tosto
Vivace.*

1/12

Och! have you not heard Pat of

many a joke that's made by the wits/gainat your own country folk They may talk of our bulls, but it

must be confess that of all the bullmakers John Bull is the best. I'm just come from London their

ca - pi - tal town, A fine place it is faith I'm sorry to own, For there you can't shew your sweet

face in the street But a Bull is the ve - ry first man that you meet,

Violino

Adagio

Oh! and have you not heard, Pat.

ENGLISH BULLS; OR, THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR.

AIR (No. 12.)—PADDY WHACK.

. The Singer will readily see, that some lines in the third and subsequent verses, have a syllable more than the lines united to the music, and, of course, require an additional note, or the division of a note into two.

Oh! and have you not heard, Pat, of many a joke,
That's made by the wits 'gainst your own country folk;
They may talk of our bulls, but it must be confest,
That, of all the bull-makers, John Bull is the best.

Why, I'm just come from London, their capital town;
A fine place it is, faith, I'm sorry to own;
For there you can't shew your sweet face in the street,
But a Bull is the very first man that you meet.

Now, I went to St Paul's,—'twas just after my landing,
A great house they've built, that has scarce room to stand in;
And there, gramachree! wont you think it a joke,
The lower I whisper'd, the louder I spoke!

Then I went to the tower, to see the wild beasts,
Thinking out of my wits to be frighten'd at least;
But these wild beasts I found standing tame on a shelf,
Not one of the kit half so wild as myself.

Next I made for the bank, Sir, for there, I was told,
Were oceans of silver, and mountains of gold;
But I soon found this talk was mere bluster and vapour,
For the gold and the silver were all made of paper.

A friend took me into the Parliament house,
And there sat the Speaker as mum as a mouse;
For in spite of his name, wont you think this a joke too,
The Speaker was he whom they all of them spoke to.

Of all the strange places I ever was in,
Was'nt that now the place for a bubblu and din?
While some made a bother to keep others quiet,
And the rest call'd for "Order,"—meaning just, make a riot.

Then should you hereafter be told of some joke,
By the Englishmen made 'gainst your own country folk,
Tell this tale, my dear honey, and stoutly protest,
That of all the bull-makers, John Bull is the best.

Musing on the roaring Ocean.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR, (No. 12.)—PEGGY BAWN.

Musings on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me ;
Wearying heart in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow,
Yielding late to nature's law ;
Whispering Spirits round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa !

Violino

Andantino con moto.

pia

Musing

on the roaring ocean Which dis-volves my Love from me

Polce.

Wear-ying

heav'n in warm de-votion For his weal where'er he be Hope and fear's alternate

bil-low Yielding late to Nature's law Whispering spi-rits round my

Violino

fil-low, Talk of him that's far a-vay.

pp

pp

The musical score is written for Violino and Piano. It begins with a Violino part in treble clef, marked 'Andantino con moto.' and 'p' (piano). The Piano part is in bass clef, also marked 'p'. The score is in 3/4 time. The lyrics are written below the Piano part. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two staves of music. The second system contains the remaining four staves. The score ends with a double bar line. The tempo is marked 'Andantino con moto.' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo).

Who sits so sadly?—Dermot and Shelah.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mr T. TOMS.

AIR, (No. 14.)—THE BLACK JOKE.

Who sits so sadly, and heaves the fond sigh?
Alas! cried young Dermot, 'tis only poor I,

All under the willow, the willow so green:
My fair one has left me in sorrow to moan,
So here am I come, just to die all alone;
No longer fond love shall my bosom enslave,
I am weaving a garland to hang o'er my grave,
All under the willow, the willow so green.

The fair one you love is, you tell me, untrue,
And here stands poor Shelah, forsaken, like you,

All under the willow, the willow so green.
O take me in sadness to sit by your side,
Your anguish to share, and your sorrows divide;
I'll answer each sigh, and I'll echo each groan,
And 'tis dismal, you know, to be dying alone,
All under the willow, the willow so green.

Then close to each other they sat down to sigh,
Resolving in anguish together to die,

All under the willow, the willow so green:
But he was so comely, and she was so fair,
They somehow forgot all their sorrow and care;
And, thinking it better a while to delay,
They put off their dying, to toy and to play,
All under the willow, the willow so green.

Let brain-spinning Swains.

WAITER FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AIR (No. 15).—A TRIP TO THE DARGLE.

Let brain-spinning swains, in effusions fantastic,
Sing meetings by moon-light in arbour or grove ;
But Patrick O'Donelly's taste is more plastic,
All times and all seasons are fitted for love :
At Cork, or Killarney, Killala, or Blarney,
At fair, wake, or wedding, my passion must glow :
Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.

When driving the cows of old father O'Leary,
An angel, yourself, I had still in my eye ;
When digging potatoes, mud-spatter'd and weary,
O what did I think on, but you, with a sigh I
At plough, or hay-making, I'm in an odd taking,
My bosom heaves high, though my spirits be low :
Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.

When first I espied your sweet face, I remember,
That hot summer day, how I shiver'd for shame !
You smil'd when I met you again in December,
And then, by the Pow'rs, I was all in a flame !
Come summer, come winter, in you my thoughts center ;
I doat on you, Judy, from top to the toe :
Fair maid, will you but trust to me,
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.

*Allegretto
piu tosto
Vivace.*

Violino

Let brainspinning swains in of fusions fantastic Sing meetings by moonlight in
 arbour or grove; But Patrick O'Donnelly's taste is more plastic All times & all seasons are fitted for love

At Cork or Killarney Kil - lala or Blarney At fair wake or wedding my passion must glow

Fair maid willyou but trust to me, fondly I'll love you wher - e - ver I go

for *pia* *Cresc.* *pia* *sf* *for*

HIDE NOT THY ANGUISH.

No 16
Andantino
a morreo
con
espressione

Violino
 Pizz.
 Cantabile

Hide not thy anguish thou must not deceive me Thy fortunes have

cresc.

frown'd and the struggle is o'er Cometh the ruin for nothing shall grieve me If

cresc.
 tenuto

thou art but left me I ask for no more,

Violino
 pia.
 arco

sf

Hide not thy Anguish.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

AIR, (No. 16.)—DERMOT.

HIDE not thy anguish,—thou must not deceive me,
Thy fortunes have frown'd,—and the struggle is o'er;
Come then the ruin! for nothing shall grieve me,
If thou art but left me, I ask for no more.

Hard is the world, it will rudely reprove thee;
Thy friends will retire when the tempest is near;
Now is my season,—and now will I love thee,
And cheer thee when none but thy Mary will cheer.

Come to my arms,—thou art dearer than ever!
But breathe not a whisper of sorrow for me:
Fear shall not reach me, nor misery sever,
Thy Mary is worthy of love and of thee.

In vain to this Desert my Fate I deplore.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mrs GRANT.

THE SECOND AND THIRD VERSES EXCEPTED, WHICH ARE BY BURNS.

This Air (No. 17.) is well known by the name of THE LANT IN THE DESART; O'Kain, the Irish harper, having frequently delighted his Scottish hearers with it. It is almost the same with the Air called CONSUM.

In vain to this desert my fate I deplore,
For dark is the wild-wood, and bleak is the shore;
The rude blasts I hear, and the white waves I see,
But nought that gives shelter or comfort to me.

Ah! long has all joy in my bosom grown cold,
And darkly the future through tears I behold;
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

O Love! thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd;
O Love! thou hast sorrows, and sore have I prov'd:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel, by its throbbing, will soon be at rest.

When clos'd are those eyes, that but open to weep,
With my woes and my wrongs I shall peacefully sleep;
But the thorn thy unkindness first plac'd in my heart,
Transplanted to thine, shall new anguish impart.

Alas! for the pangs of regret thou wilt prove;
Alas! for the lost fond repinings of love:
Though dying alone on a bleak desert shore,
'Tis thee and thy hopeless remorse I deplore.

IN VAIN TO THIS DESART MY FATE I DEPLORE.

1.^o 17.

Violino

DUETTO.

Violoncello

Indante

espressivo

cres

cres

p

In vain to this de.sart my fate I de..plore For dark is the

In vain to this de.sart my fate I de..plore For dark is the

dol

wild wood, and bleak is the shore The rude blasts I hear and the white waves I
wild wood, and bleak is the shore The rude blasts I hear and the white waves I

for *p*

Violino
see But nought that gives shelter or comfort to me.
Violoncello
see But nought that gives shelter or comfort to me.

DUETTO

42

THEY BID ME SLIGHT MY DERMOT.

1.st Ed.

Illegretto.

Piano introduction for the duetto, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic and includes various musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and a repeat sign.

First system of the duetto. It includes vocal staves for Soprano and Tenor, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "They bid me slight my Der.mot dear For Oh ne-ver slight thy Der.mot dear Tho'". The piano part features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

Second system of the duetto. The lyrics continue: "he's of low de-gree, While I my La.dy's maid am here And he's of low de-gree, Tho' thou my La.dy's maid art here And". The vocal parts and piano accompaniment continue with the same musical style.

Third system of the duetto. The lyrics conclude: "of the qua-li-ty But if my mo-ther would not grieve And of the qua-li-ty Far tho' thy mo-ther hap-ly grieve When". The vocal parts and piano accompaniment continue with the same musical style.

if the truth were known - - Well pleasid would I this cas - tle leave And
 first the truth is known - - She'll bid thee not thy Dermot leave But
 live for him a - - lone.
 live for him a - - lone.

Violino
Violoncello

p

They bid me slight my Dermot dear.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.

Though the first stanza of this song, as engrained under the music, is adapted either for one voice or for a duett, the rest of the song is meant to be sung by one voice only.

AIR (No. 18.)—Communicated without a name by a Friend.

THEY bid me slight my Dermot dear,
For he's of low degree,
While I my lady's maid am here,
And of the Quality,
But if my mother would not grieve,
And if the truth were known,
Well-pleas'd would I this castle leave,
And live for him alone.

My lady, who is very kind,
To me will sometimes call,
And talk of love with scoffing mind,
And say 'tis folly all.
Ah! words like these are finely said,
And may my lady please,
For she her own true love has wed,
And has her heart at ease:

But I remember well I know,
How mourn'd this lady gay,
When first my lord was fore'd to go
To battle far away:
Poor lady! then—I saw them part,
Her tears I saw them fall;
Oh, then, the true love in her heart,
Oh, was it folly all?

I sit, my love, to think on thee,
Look o'er the Shannon wide,
And fancy I thy cabin see
The lofty elms beside.
The Shannon waves run very high,
The little boat I fear;
No more at night the passage try,
For winter now is here.

There's none like thee,—the king of all,
At funeral, and at fair;
My lord's fine man, that's in the hall,
Can ne'er with thee compare.
Thy heart is true, thy heart is warm;
And so is mine to thee;
And would my Lord but give the farm,
How happy should we be!

When the black-letter'd List, &c.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WRITTEN BY

The Hon. W. R. SPENCER.

AIR (No. 10.)—Communicated without a name by a Friend.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,—
The list of what Fate to each mortal intends,—
At the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented,
And slipt in three blessings—WIFE, CHILDREN, and FRIENDS.

In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated;
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated;
For earth becomes heav'n with wife, children, and friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory,
For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's waning embers,
The death-wounded tar who his colours defends,
Drops a tear of regret, as he, dying, remembers,
How blest was his home with wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,
Though round him Arabia's whole fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends:
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedew'd with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink,—for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, Love and Virtue shall flavour
The glass which I fill to wife, children, and friends.

WHEN THE BLACK LETTER'D LIST,

No. 19.

Allegretto

Violino
Pizz.

When the black letter'd list to the Gods was pre-sent-ed, The

list of what Fate to each mor-tal in-tends, At the long string of ills a kind

Goddess re-len-ted, And slept in three blessings, Wife, Children, and Friends. In

vain sur-ly Plu-to main-tain'd he was cheated, for jus-tice di-vine could not

compass its ends, The scheme of man's penance he swore was de- feated For

cres

Violino

pizz

earth becomes heavh with wife children and friends.

pp

arco

FIREWELL BLISS & FIREWELL NANCY

1.º 20.

DUETTO

*Andante**espressivo*

Violino
pizz.

Farewell

Farewell

bliss and farewell Nan - cy, Farewell fleet - - - ing joys of

bliss and farewell Nan - cy, Farewell fleet - - - ing joys of

fan - cy, Hopes and fears and sighs that lan - guish now give

fan - cy, Hopes and fears and sighs that lan - guish now give

place to cureless an - guish Why did I so fond - ly

place to cureless an - guish Why did I so fond - ly

love thee, Why to mu - - - tual pas - sion move thee Why to
 love thee, Why to mu - - - tual pas - sion move thee Why to

Viollino
 wear - ing sorrow bring thee; Why let cause - less slan - der sting thee.
Basso
 wear - ing sorrow bring thee; Why let cause - less slan - der sting thee.

pizz
pizz

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system contains two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) with lyrics, and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment, with the vocal parts marked 'Viollino' and 'Basso'. The third system shows the vocal parts ending with a double bar line, and the piano accompaniment continuing with a 'pizz' marking.

Farewell Bliss, and Farewell Fancy.

AIR, (No. 95).—LOUGH SHEELING.

The beautiful concluding stanza of this Song was written in connection with some verses of unequal merit, which the poet meant to utter ; but he did not live to fulfil his intention. Mrs GRAFT, therefore, in compliance with the request of the Editor, obligingly wrote the first and second stanzas, in order to introduce the third one by BURNS.

FAREWELL bliss, and farewell Nancy,
Farewell fleeting joys of fancy ;
Hopes, and fears, and sighs that languish,
Now give place to cureless anguish.
Why did I so fondly love thee ?
Why to mutual passion move thee ?
Why to wearing sorrow bring thee ?
Why let causeless slander sting thee ?

Gazing on my precious treasure,
Lost in reckless dreams of pleasure,
Thy unspotted heart possessing,
Grasping at the promis'd blessing,
Pouring out my soul before thee,
Living only to adore thee :—
Could I see the tempest brewing ?
Could I dread the blast of ruin ?

Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Fare-thee-well, thou first and fairest,
Fare-thee-well thou best and dearest,
One fond kiss, and then we sever,
One farewell, alas ! for ever.

VOL. I. F

Morning a cruel Turmoiler is.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

AIR, (No. 21.)

The Editor knows not the name of this Air; but the Air itself is well known from its having been sung for years in public by the inimitable JOHNSON & Co. to words beginning, "I was the boy for bewitching them!" And surely no one ever was better qualified to bewitch his audience, either as an actor, or as a singer of Irish melodies.

MORNING a cruel turmoiler is,
 Banishing ease and repose;
 Noon-day a roaster and broiler is,
 How we pant under his nose!
 Evening for lovers' soft measures,
 Sighing and begging a boon;
 But the blythe season for pleasures,
 Laughing, lies under the moon.
 Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
 Kegs of the whisky we'll tilt,
 Murtoch, replenish our can again,
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt!

Myrtles and vines some may prate about,
 Bawling in heathenish glee,
 Stuff I won't bother my pate about,
 Shamrock and whisky for me!
 Faith, but I own I feel tender;
 Judy, you jilt, how I burn!
 If she won't smile, devil mend her!
 Both sides of chops have their turn.
 Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
 Kegs of the whisky we'll tilt,
 Murtoch, replenish the can again,
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt!

Fill all your cups till they foam again,
 Bubbles must float on the brim;
 He that steals first sneaking home again,
 Day-light is too good for him.
 While we have goblets to handle,
 While we have liquor to fill,
 Mirth, and one spare inch of candle,
 Planets may wink as they will.
 Och! then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,
 Kegs of the crature we'll tilt;
 Murtoch, replenish our can again,
 Up with your heart-cheering lilt!

MORNING A CRUEL TURMOILER IS

52

1^o 21.

Violino

Allegro

schër: andò

Morning a cruel turmoiler is, Benishing ease and re- pose, Noonday a roister and hroiler is,

How we pant under his nose! Ev'ning for lover's soft measures Sighing and begging a boon

CHORUS
Och a ben you rogue Put O' Flannagan
But the blythe season for pleasures Laughing lies under the moon Och a ben you rogue Put O' Flannagan

Keys of the whiskey we'll tilt Murtoch re- plenish our can again Up with your heart cheering tilt
Keys of the whiskey we'll tilt Murtoch re- plenish our can again Up with your heart cheering tilt

Violin

FROM GARYONE MY HAPPY HOME.

Violino

♩ = 22.

Modérato
con
espressionc.

dol.

From Ga-ry-one my hap-py home Full ma-ny a wea-ry

mile I've come To sound of life and beat of drum, And more shall see it

cres. poco

ne-ver. 'Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay, Could laugh and dance and sing and play, And

dol. *cres.*

wear the cireling hours a way in mirth or peace for e-ver.

p

cres. *p*

From Garyone, my happy Home.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mr T. TOMS.

AIR (No. 22.)—GARYONE.

From Garyone, my happy home,
Full many a weary mile I've come,
To sound of life and beat of drum,
And more shall see it never.
Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay,
Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and play,
And wear the circling hours away,
In mirth or peace for ever.

But Harry came, a blithsome boy,
He told me I was all his joy,
That love was sweet, and ne'er could cloy,
And he would leave me never:
His coat was scarlet, tipp'd with blue,
With gay cockade and feather too,
A comely lad he was to view;
And won my heart for ever.

My mother cried, Dear Rosa, stay,
Ah! do not from your parents stray;
My father sigh'd, and nought would say,
For he could chide me never:
Yet, cruel, I farewell could take,
I left them for my sweetheart's sake,
And came,—'twas near my heart to break—
From Garyone for ever.

But poverty is hard to bear,
And love is but a summer's wear,
And men deceive us when they swear
They'll love and leave us never:
Now sad I wander through the day,
No more I laugh, or dance, or play,
But mourn the hour I came away
From Garyone for ever.

A wand'ring Gypsy, Sirs, am I.

By Dr WOLCOT,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

AIR (No. 22).—THE LEGACY.

A WAND'RING gypsy, Sirs, am I,
From Norwood, where we oft complain,
With many a tear and many a sigh,
Of blust'ring winds and rushing rain.
No costly rooms, nor gay attire,
Within our humble shed appear;
No beds of down, or blazing fire,
At night our shivering limbs to cheer.

Alas! no friend comes near our cot;
The redbreasts only find the way,
Who give their all, a simple note,
At peep of morn and parting day.
But fortunes here I come to tell,
Then yield me, gentle Sir, your hand:
Within these lines what thousands dwell!
And, bless me, what a heap of land!

It surely, Sir, must pleasing be
To hold such wealth in every line!
Try, pray now try, if you can see
A little treasure lodg'd in mine.
Yon sun that pours the lightsome day,
And gilds the palace and the farm,
Can never miss the kindly ray
That makes the hapless vagrant warm.

A WIND'RING GIPSEY SIRS AM I.

1. 23.

Violino
Allegretto con moto ed espressione
pia A wandering gipsy

Sirs am I, From Norwood where we oft complain, With many a tear and many a sigh, Of

blust'ring winds and rushing rain No cost'ly rooms nor gay at-tire, With in our humble

cres *p* *cres*

shed appear No beds of down or blazing fire, At night our shivering limbs to cheer

Violino
A

SHALL A SON OF O'DONNELL.

Violino

24

*Allegretto
pulsato
vivace.*

dolce

Shall

son of O'Donnell be cheerless and cold While Mac Kenna's wide hearth has a log to spare While O'Donnell is poor shall Mac Kenna have gold Or be clothed whiles limb of O'Donnell is bare Shall sickness and hunger his sinews, as-sail And Mac Kenna unmoved quaff his medder of mead On the haunch of a deer shall Mac Kenn's regals Whites chief of Tyrconnell be fainting for bread.

Violino

Sym

Shall a Son of O'Donnel, &c.**THE TRAUGH WELCOME.**A TRANSLATION FROM THE IRISH.

AIR (No. 24).—FADDY'S RESOURCE.

SHALL a son of O'Donnel be cheerless and cold,
While Mackenna's wide hearth has a faggot to spare;
While O'Donnel is poor shall Mackenna have gold,
Or be cloth'd, while a limb of O'Donnel is bare?
While sickness and hunger the sinews assail,
Shall Mackenna, unmov'd, quaff his madder of mead;
On the haunch of a deer shall Mackenna regale,
While a chief of Tyrconnell is fainting for bread?

No, enter my dwelling, my feast thou shalt share,
On my pillow of rushes thy head shall recline:
And bold is the heart and the hand that will dare
To harm but one hair of a ringlet of thine.
Then come to my home, 'tis the house of a friend,
In the green woods of Traugh thou art safe from thy foes:
Six sons of Mackenna thy steps shall attend,
And their six sheathless skans shall protect thy repose.

O Harp of Erin, &c.

On the death of O'Kane, the blind Irish harper, well known in Scotland by the admirable and feeling manner in which he played his native music; remarkable also for his independence of spirit, sarcastic wit, and excessive conviviality, which exposed him sometimes to sad privations.

THE VERSE WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By DAVID THOMSON.

AIR (No. 25).—I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE.

O harp of Erin thou art now laid low,
 For he the last of all his race is gone:
 And now no more the Minstrel's verse shall flow,
 That sweetly mingled with thy dulcet tone:
 The hand is cold that with a poet's fire
 Could sweep in magic change thy sounding wire.

How lonely were the Minstrel's latter days,
 How oft thy string with strains indignant rung;
 To desert wilds he pour'd his ancient lays,
 Or to a shepherd boy his legend sung:
 The purple heath at ev'ning was his bed,
 His shelter from the storm a peasant's shed!

The gale that round his urn its odour flings,
 And waves the flow'rs that o'er it wildly wreath,
 Shall thrill along thy few remaining strings,
 And with a mournful chord his requiem breathe.
 The shepherd boy that paus'd his song to hear,
 Shall chaunt it o'er his grave, and drop a tear.

O HARP OF ERLIN

60

1st 25

*Andante
con moto.*

Violino

Ob

harp of E - rin thou art now laid low, For he the last of all his

race is gone And now no more the Minstrel's verse shall flow that sweet - ly

min - gled with thy dul - cet tone The hand is cold that with a po - et's

fire Could - - - sweep in ma - - - gie change thy sound - ing wire

Vin.

WHEN EVE'S LAST RAYS INTWILIGHT DIE.

DUETTO.

No. 26.

Andante

Cantabile

dol.

Violino

Violone

When eve's last rays intwilight

When eve's last rays intwilight

die, And stars are seen a - long the sky, On Lif - fy's banks I stray; And

die, And stars are seen a - long the sky, On Lif - fy's banks I stray; And

cres *f* *p* *cres*

there with fond re - gret I gaze Where oft I've pass'd the fleeting days With her that's far a -

there with fond re - gret I gaze Where oft I've pass'd the fleeting days With her that's far a -

cres

Violino

Basso

way

way

cres *pp* *cres*

When Eve's last Rays in Twilight die.

WRITTEN FOR THE WALK

By DAVID THOMSON.

AIR (No. 19.)—THE SNOWY BREASTED PEARL.

WHEN eve's last rays in twilight die,
And stars are seen along the sky,
On Liffy's banks I stray ;
And there with fond regret I gaze,
Where oft I've past the fleeting days
With her that's far away.

When she would sing some lovely strain,
How sweet the echoes gave again
In fainter notes the lay :
Tho' mute the echoes of the grove,
In fancy still I hear my love,
Though now she's far away.

Her form the stream reflected clear,
And still it seem'd, when she was near,
To move with fond delay ;
But though its wave no trace retains,
Her image in my heart remains,
Tho' now she's far away.

No Riches from his scanty Store.

By HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY FRANKLINSON.

AIR (No. 17.)—WITHIN THIS VILLAGE DWELLS A MAID.

No riches from his scanty store
 My lover could impart ;
 He gave a boon I valued more—
 He gave me all his heart !
 His soul sincere, his gen'rous worth,
 Might well this bosom move ;
 And when I ask'd for bliss on earth,
 I only meant his love.

But now for me, in search of gain,
 From shore to shore he flies :
 Why wander, riches to obtain,
 When love is all I prize ?

The frugal meal, the lowly cot,
 If blest my love with thee !
 That simple fare, that humble lot,
 Were more than wealth to me.

While he the dang'rous ocean braves,
 My tears but vainly flow :
 Is pity in the faithless waves
 To which I pour my woe ?
 The night is dark, the waters deep ;
 Yet soft the billows roll :
 Alas ! at every breeze I weep ;—
 The storm is in my soul.

NO RICHES FROM HIS SCINTY STORE.

A^o 27.

Andante più tosto Allegretto

Violino

No ri - ches from his

dol.

-scanty store my lo - ver could im - part He gave a boon I va - lued more He

gave me all his heart His soul sincere his gen'rous worth might well this bo - som

Violino

move And when I ask'd for bliss on earth I on - ly mean this love

cres. p

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante più tosto Allegretto' and a dynamic of 'dol.' (dolce). The piano part features a continuous, flowing accompaniment in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The voice part consists of several lines of lyrics, with some notes marked as 'dol.' and 'cres.' (crescendo). The score is in a key of one sharp (F#) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'No ri - ches from his -scanty store my lo - ver could im - part He gave a boon I va - lued more He gave me all his heart His soul sincere his gen'rous worth might well this bo - som move And when I ask'd for bliss on earth I on - ly mean this love'. The score ends with a final cadence in the piano part.

T'WAS A MARECHAL OF FRANCE.

c. 1728

Vivace

schizzando

for

cres

ad lib. . . . tempo

boasted corps d'armée

O he fear'd not our dragons with their long swords boldly riding,

Whack fal de ral la la, la, la la la, and Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.

Violino

for

vo. . . . loco

for

for

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Vivace' and the performance style is 'schizzando'. The score includes various musical notations such as 'for' (forte), 'cres' (crescendo), 'ad lib.' (ad libitum), and 'loco' (loco). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, and the piano accompaniment is written in the lower staves. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a variety of textures, including arpeggiated figures and rhythmic patterns. The score concludes with a final cadence.

The British Light Dragoons;

OR, THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *WALTER SCOTT, Esq.*

AIR (No. 28).—THE BOLD DRAGOON.

TWAS a *Marechal* of France, and he fain would honour gain,
And he long'd to take a passing glance at Portugal from Spain,
With his flying guns this gallant gay,
And boasted *corps d'armée*,
O he fear'd not our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,
Just a fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sack'd the town,
When 'twas peste ! morbleu ! mon General,
Hear th' English hugh call !
And behold the light dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,
And as the devil leaves a house they tumbled through the wall ; *
They took no time to seek the door,
But hest foot set before,
O they ran from our dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled a mile,
When on their flank there sours'd at once the British rank and file,
For Long, de Grey, and Otway then
Ne'er minded one to ten,
But came on like light dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand reel,
Their hearts were made of English Oak, their swords of Sheffield steel,
Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,
And Beresford them led ;
So hurra for brave dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song :
The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the brave dragoons with their long swords boldly riding.
Whack fal de ral, &c.

* In their hasty execution of Campo Mayor, the French pulled down a part of the rampart and marched out over the glacis.

Since Greybeards inform us that Youth will decay.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By Mr T. TOMS.

AIR (No. 29.)—LET OTHER MEN SING OF THEIR GODDESSES BRIGHT.

SINCE greybeards inform us that youth will decay,
And pleasure's soft transports glide swiftly away :
The song, and the dance, and the vine, and the fair,
Shall banish all sorrow and shield us from care.
Away with your proverbs, your morals, and rules,
Your proctors, and doctors, and pedants, and schools :
Let's seize the bright moments while yet in our prime,
And fast by the forelock catch old father Time.

Tho' spring's lovely blossoms delight us no more,
Tho' summer forsake us, and autumn be o'er ;
To cheer us in winter, remembrance can bring
The pleasures of autumn, of summer, and spring :
So when fleeting seasons bring life's latest stage,
To speak of youth's frolics shall gladden our age :
Then seize the bright moments while yet in your prime,
And fast by the forelock catch old father Time.

STATE GREYBELARDS INFORM US THAT YOUTH WILL DECIDE

1. 29.

Violino

Allegretto scherzando

Since Greybeards in - form us that

youth will de - cay, And pleasure's soft transports glide swiftly a - way; The

song and the dance and the vine and the Fair, Shall ba - nish all sor - row and

shield us from care A - way with your proverbs, your morals, and rules, Your

proctors and doc - tors and pedants and schools; Let's seize the bright moments while

Violino

yet in our prime, And fast by the forelock catch old father Time.

First time

Basso Violino Violino Violino

pp

Last time

Basso Violino Basso Violino Violino

f p p

Violino

cresc. dimin.

pp

THE PARSON BOASTS OF MILD ALE.

1.^a 30

Violino

*Allegro
ma non
troppo*

The Parson boasts of mild ale, The Squire of old Oc-to-ber But

lit-tle their boasts a-vail, if guests trudge home-wards so-ber

To drink my dear de-light with boon boys and good li-quer, The

Squire is a thir- sty wight But nought can quench the vi- car.

Chorus

So turn the kil-derkin up, in win- ter and in summer, Go

So turn the kil-derkin up, in win- ter and in summer, Go

Violin

cool thy- self with a cup, Or warm thee with a rummer.

cool- thyself with a cup, Or warm thee with a rummer.

The Parson boasts of mild Ale.

WRITTEN FOR THE WORK

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.

*The Air, (No. 30,) is the only one in this volume of which the Symphonist and Accompaniments are not composed by Beethoven :—
They are by Haydn.*

THE parson boasts of mild ale,
The squire of old October,
But little their boasts avail
If guests trudge homewards sober.
To drink's my dear delight,
With boon boys and good liquor ;
The squire is a thirsty wight,
But nought can quench the vicar.
CHORUS.—So turn the kilderkin up,
In winter and in summer,
Go cool thyself with a cup,
Or warm thee with a rummer.

Och, Tady, would you be told
Where souls may soon be merry,
Then follow your foot, be bold,
The Harp's the house in Derry :
For Pat Macshane's the host,
A right good lad by nature,
And, true as a finger post,
He points still to the crafter.
CHORUS.—So mount your Limerick wig,
Be nate my joy, and proper,
And give them a song and jig,
And drink your thirteenth copper.

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